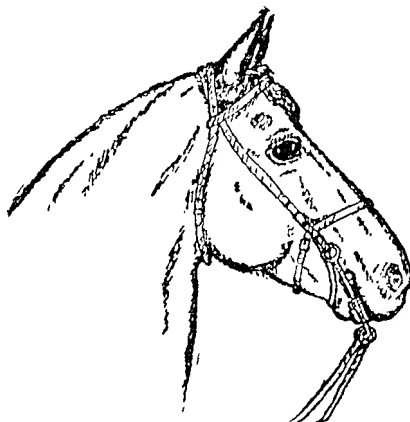


NW
821P
P957.2

The Prince



*Copyright Canada, 1917,
by the Author*



The Prince

Was first published in 1917, when a committee of business men in each of the cities of Edmonton and Calgary, Alta., formed an association to enable war-orphans to become soldiers in their twelfth to sixteenth years to become "The Prince".

The Superintendent of Schools in each of these cities was President of the organization, and the Mayor, Honorary President. Under the direction of these associations, copies of "The Prince" were sold at \$1.00 each by the members enrolled, and in this way their Bond Contracts were fulfilled. The story was used in a similar manner during the Victory Loan Campaign of 1919 in the larger towns throughout Alberta.

During the course of the Campaign, hundreds of copies were sent by the Red Cross authorities to the Canadian Hospitals in France, and the book has also aided Memorial Hall funds in both Calgary and Edmonton.

This book is offered *you* for the nominal price of *50 cents* by the bearer, who is using "The Prince" to gain some worthy objective, as suggested below.

You will be delighted with the story of the Canadian horse that checked von Kluck's army. It is a splendid gift book for young or old.

BOYS!! GIRLS!! -


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IMPERIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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Edmonton, Alta.

The Prince



A Canadian Great War
Veteran's Stories, chiefly
concerning his Alberta
Range Horse, as related
to his Grandson on
Christmas Day, 1950.

NWp
821P
P957-2

THE PRINCE

You ask Grandad to spin some yarns
About his boyhood days;
And of that hard-fought, world-wide war?
I hesitate always,
To tell of war's gross cruelties,
For man's best judgment says

That warfare's wicked, which is waged
To further selfish ends;
And sad, though sacred, when the cause
Of Justice it defends.
To guard the weak and back our word,
Duty, with Honor, blends:

Much better die and Honor keep,
Than live and Honor lose.
We pawn our souls to save our scalps,
When we the call refuse
To serve the cause of Freedom; and
Unthinking folk who choose

To blow their coin at Fashion's feet,
Though babes and mothers die—
Sick, homeless, outraged, starved, bereaved,
Through war's insanity—
Are surely, hopelessly enslaved
By wanton vanity.

THE PRINCE

In Belgium; Serbia, Poland, France,
Armenia, Italy,
Unnumbered children died of want,
While spendthrift pleasures, gay,
Our people sought—evincing still
The evil of the day

When folly's play with unearned wealth
Throughout this land was rife,
The day of booms and frenzied graft,
Patronage, party strife,
Deplorable—but you want yarns
Of old-time western life.

Of Nineteen Hundred 'twas the spring,
And I was seven years old;
I rode "Queen Vic." o'er homeward trail,
The Rockies, tinged with gold,
And skies aglow with sunset rays,
Before me, vast, unrolled.



172728

THE PRINCE

Alberta's foothills were the range
Selected by my dad
For horse and cattle ranch, and I,
A care-free, fearless lad,
Delighted in those wilds to ride;
Their freedom made me glad.

My father had been bugle-boy
In Eighteen Eighty-one;
And oft I'd heard him tell the tale
Of stubborn battle, won
By Joubert, on the "Hill of Doves."
I was a hero's son.



He gave me Vic. the day he left,
At Britain's second call,
Which brought our cherished liberties
To ranchers of Transvaal.
When mother told me why he fought,
With pride, I heard it all.

The nineteenth anniversary
Of Colley's brave defence—
Majuba Day—was when my dad
Was wounded thrice and, hence,
To Canada returned, before.
That Summer did commence:

South African Veterans' Monument,
Central Park, Calgary, Alta.

THE PRINCE

As I rode on I thought of him
And longed for his return.
Approaching o'er the Cochrane branch—
The trail below the turn—
I saw a horseman, riding fast;
And keen was I to learn

If that man was my own brave dad,
I thought he was, at first,
Until he joined the trail with me,
And asked where "Valleyhurst"
Was found. "That's father's home," said I,
"Our ranch-stead is the first

That we shall sight from yonder ridge,
Three miles or more from here."
His wind-blown hat concealed his face;
His voice seemed gruff, severe.
His horse was white, with steel-grey points
And splendid head and ear,

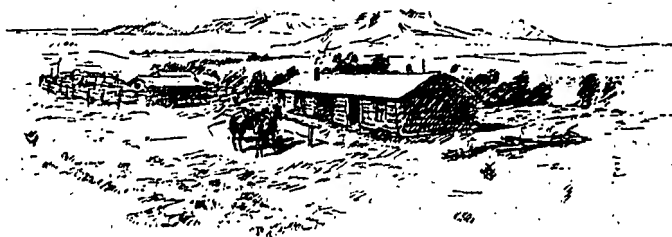
A silky coat and snappy gait,
With sparkling eye and well-
Turned limbs, quarters and neck, chest, loins
And crest. I cannot tell
The beauty of that beast; some horse
He was, I knew full well.

THE PRINCE

Arabian pure, the stranger said,
Of choicest blood and cost
One Thousand Pounds, his weight the same.
A race was never lost
By Vic, my mustang-thoroughbred;
That was my boyish boast.

He asked if he might stay the night
And feed his horse in our
Corral. "Sure thing," said I, "shelter
And food at any hour,
My daddy's home is pleased to give;
We'll beat that coming shower

If your horse have the speed of Vic."
And then we raced a mile
Before we reached the old ranch-house;
And when I saw the smile
That lit my mother's face, I knew
I'd been deceived, the while.



THE PRINCE

Late, late that night we talked and talked
About those lands afar;
And father said that Freedom's cause
Might long be threatened, for
He felt a mighty power in time
Would force a great world-war,

And menace every minor State
That dared to stand before
Its militant Autocracy—
Weird thoughts for me to store
In boyhood mind. How time has proved
Their wisdom, o'er and o'er!

My father asked about his bands
Of horses on the range—
Clearwater band and Red Deer band—
Saying he would arrange
That the Arabian, "Sheik," should lead
A new band on the Grange.

Our cattle roamed the foothills vast,
Far up those glacial vales;
Abundant grass, clear, icy brooks,
And sheltering, wooded dales,
With refuge from the summer sun
And winter's stinging gales.

THE PRINCE

Those fall roundups? The first I rode
Was Nineteen Hundred Six;
A real man's job—I did my best,
The credit mostly Vic.'s;
Proud of my mount—she had the speed
And knew the roping tricks.

I loved to wear the sombrero,
The shaggy chapps, the spurs,
The knotted silkie, belt and gun,—
An outfit which concurs
With life of all who roam the wilds,
Of beasts, the conquerors.

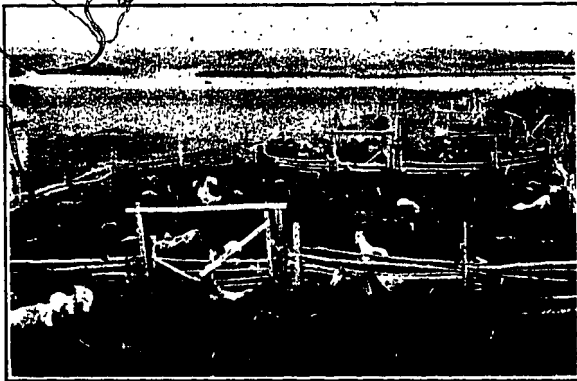
That Winter—snowbound, long, severe—
With scarce a brief chinook,
My Vic. lost, far upon the range;
Futile the trips I took
Through drifting snows, o'er storm-swept plains.
Months passed, nor hope forsook.

When Spring burst forth and Winter fled,
The wolf-packs, ravenous, bold,
Preyed on the rangeland mothers, weak-
Ened by the ruthless cold.
Beside my dying Vic. I found,
Perhaps a full day old

THE PRINCE

Her timid foal. A drift-rock mound
Beside an evergreen,
Her lonely tomb, I piled it high
To guard my well-loved Queen.
The wolf-howl, as a requiem drear,
Swept o'er the wild ravine.

My helpless waif,—I took that colt
Home from the lonely range;
With constant care he grew to be
The best on all the Grange,
With Bedouin, English, Western blood—
Such horse-flesh well might change




Horses corralled.

THE PRINCE

The course of Death, in peace or war—
A hero-horse, I ween,
My orphan pet—I named him "Prince,"
Offspring of Sheik and Queen;
He roamed the hills, but oft came home,
His friendship true, serene.

When two years old, I trained the Prince
To neck-rein properly;
And smoothly turn the cow-horse stunts.
Next spring, the leader he
Of Red Deer band—an honor gained
Through hard-fought victory.



From time to time I saw my Prince,
Both Summer, Winter, through;
And often rode him on the plains,
Rewarding him, 'tis true,
With kindly treatment, candies, corn;
His friendship firmly grew.

Thanksgiving, Nineteen Hundred Ten,
That was the date of birth
Of my loved sister, Katherine,
A source of frequent mirth,
Till, two years later, sickness came
And Death lurked near our hearth.

THE PRINCE

With constant hope my mother watched
And prayed, To calm her fear
I brought our doctor from Lacombe,
Who said that it was clear
A Specialist, alone, might save
The life we held so dear.

Unwise to trust to telephone
Or our new motor-car;
I saddled "Buckskin," cinched him tight,
And rode him hard and far;
We swam the Red Deer at full flood.
Then galloped o'er the bar.

Below, I sighted Prince's band,
Far scattered o'er the plain;
Soon found the leader, left the Buck
And hit that trail again.
'Twas fifty miles to Calgary;
The Prince chafed on the rein.



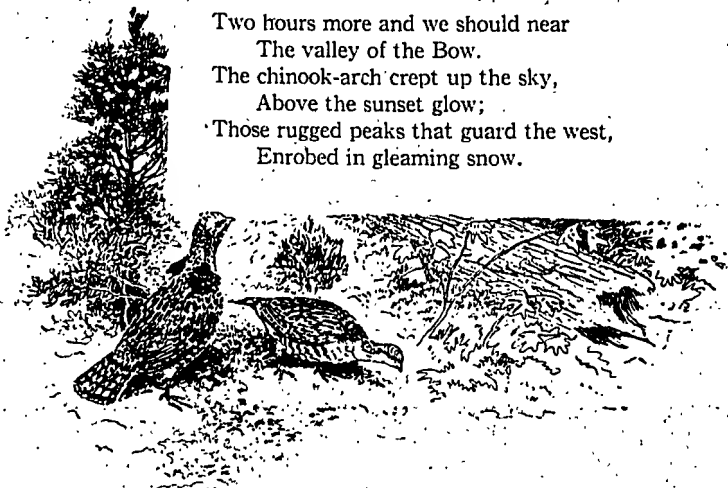
A Chinook Cloud-arch in the Alberta Foothills.

THE PRINCE

For several miles I held him in;
He fretted for his speed,
So, gradually, I gave him head.
My noble, powerful steed
Seemed conscious of my sore distress
And of my sister's need.

He settled down to strong, keen pace;
Such gallop soon might kill
The stall-fed beast of pampered life,
Nor slowed for brook nor hill;
The rough and muddy open trail
He took with wondrous skill.

Two hours more and we should near
The valley of the Bow.
The chinook-arch crept up the sky,
Above the sunset glow;
Those rugged peaks that guard the west,
Enrobed in gleaming snow.



THE PRINCE

The gophers raced along the path,
Or near their burrows sat;
The ducks rose, splashing from the sloughs;
The beaver and muskrat,
Their dwellings guarded in the streams;
The prairie chicks looked fat.

At Bar 3 Ranch I left a note,
Requesting saddle-horse
When I'd return from Calgary—
A beast that one might force.
For more than thirty miles, upon
A dark and dangerous course.

Those twinkling lights, through gloomy dark,
Along the horizon,
Were sighted ere we joined the road
That leads from Edmonton.
And sparkling was the silver Bow,
And Calgary brightly shone—

A strange, new sight—it thrilled the Prince
As from the north hill's crest
We galloped down to Centre Street.
A threat of prompt arrest
Was mine for speeding o'er the bridge,
To Eighth and First Street West.

THE PRINCE

Magnanimous, that constable,
When I explained the need;
He promptly summoned Dr. J.,
Then said my horse he'd lead
Along the street and back again,
Prepared my call to heed.

The Doctor's auto soon was brought
He had no word by phone,
From Valleyhurst, as I had feared;
But said he'd drive alone
To the Bar 3 and there he'd mount
The horse which they would loan.

The Prince was filled with eager life;
He restless champed the bit;
With steaming coat and glistening veins,
He still felt very fit;
He pawed and pranced, foam from his mouth,
Scarce tinged with blood, was it.

I gave him just a sip of drink,
The Doctor, with his car,
Had several miles the start on me;
And it seemed very far—
The distance home through moonless night,
With faintly glinting star.

THE PRINCE

I swung into the saddle as
The Prince wheeled with a bound,
Soon thundered o'er the bridge and up
The hill; his hoofs' resound
Upon the pavement marked his speed
With fast and measured sound.

We reached the Bar 3 as the Doc.
On tall, pinto cayuse,
Rode out upon the trail, his kit
Strapped to his waist, a noose
Around the saddle-horn—ten yards
Of rope for urgent use.

"'Tis twenty miles to the Red Deer flood,
Fifteen beyond," said I;
"Eighty odd miles my horse has done;
To swim that stream will try
His mettle to the very core,
No bridge since late July."



THE PRINCE

As through the mysteries of the night;
We rode and rode and rode;
I took the lead to choose the path;
The star-reflections showed
The pools of mud, the streams, the ponds;
The north-lights faintly glowed.

We heard the dismal, plaintive yelp,
Of coyotes, far and near;
From out the dark a white horse leaped—
The Sheik—and took the rear
Position in the line, till we
Dashed o'er a cut-bank, sheer,

And plunged headlong into the deep,
Cold waters rushing past;
I grasped the Sheik's long, floating tail
And tied it hard and fast
To loose end of the Doctor's rope;
Those horses plunged and gasped.

I lashed the Sheik with rawhide quirt;
He started swimming hard
Against that swirling, seething tide.
I shouted to my pard,
"Don't slip the noose nor cut the rope,
This river's gravel-barred;

THE PRINCE

And you might think you neared the shore
With raging currents still
To cross, 'ere you would reach the flat
Below the northern hill."
As I swam by the Prince, we struck
A log-raft from the mill.

I scrambled up and held the reins,
We stranded on the bank,
A furlong down that turbid stream.
Good luck I then did thank—
We were across; where was my mate?
Deep, deep my spirits sank:

The Doctor's voice I could not hear,
I yelled and whistled. Then
We labored up the crumbling slope.
I mounted Prince again,
And galloped till I found the Sheik,
Vain struggling to attain

The higher level of the bank:
That pinto had him caught
Secure upon the saddle-horn,
And held the lasso taut.
Where was my Doctor? Down the bank
I rushed, with eager thought,



THE PRINCE

And found him struggling in the mud,
Submerged, up to the waist;
I hauled him out, without his boots;
Then up the slope we raced,
Deploring each emergency
That checked our eager haste.

The Occident and Orient

Still held their tug-o'-war;
I knifed the tense strands of the rope,
That cayuse staggered far,
Adown that muddy, steep incline;
Rolled backward in the mire.

In vain we tried to get him out,
When lo! a light appeared
Upon the summit of the bank;
I heard a voice that cheered
Discouragement; 'twas father's voice.
The danger that we feared

Was quickly passed. He had a team
And democrat, but I
Decided not to leave the Prince
To suffer or to die.

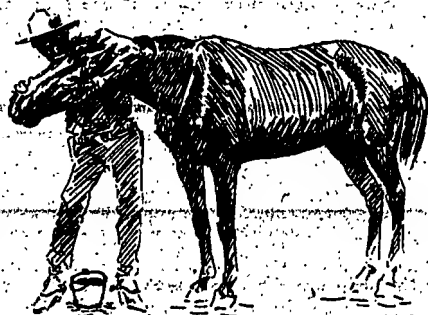
Bogged in those mud-flats seeking drink.
'Twas more humane to try

THE PRINCE

To get him home, then bathe him clean,
And rub him down and bind
His aching limbs with bandages,
Soaked well with dope—the kind
My mother made—for man or beast
You, better, could not find:

We cantered home that fifteen miles,
And sad and weak was I;
My father did not speak of Kate;
I guessed the reason why.
Behind, alone, I rode along
With many a weary sigh.

At last, I saw the gleaming light
That marked our sad, sad home,
My thoughts were mingled hopes and fears;
Our Doctor from Lacombe
Helped me dismount, and grasped my hand:
His Specialist had come.



THE PRINCE

"Ponoka" took my exhausted horse;
I staggered through the door,
Reeled to the sick room there to find
My mother watching o'er
The little cot, whispering my name;
I sank upon the floor.

A feeble moan, a sob of pain—
Thank God, Death had not come!
My senses failed; a stupor mild,
A weird and deepening gloom
Allayed my pains; consciousness fled;
They laid me in my room.

When thought returned, beside my bed
Stood Dr. J. and smiled;
"This husky lad has saved the life
Of tender, precious child;
One half-hour more had been too late.
Braving the trackless wild,

You've gained this night a victory
O'er danger, pain and Death."
'Twas thus he spoke, and through the years
Experience on the path
Of life, has proved to me the worth
Of that man's earnest Faith;

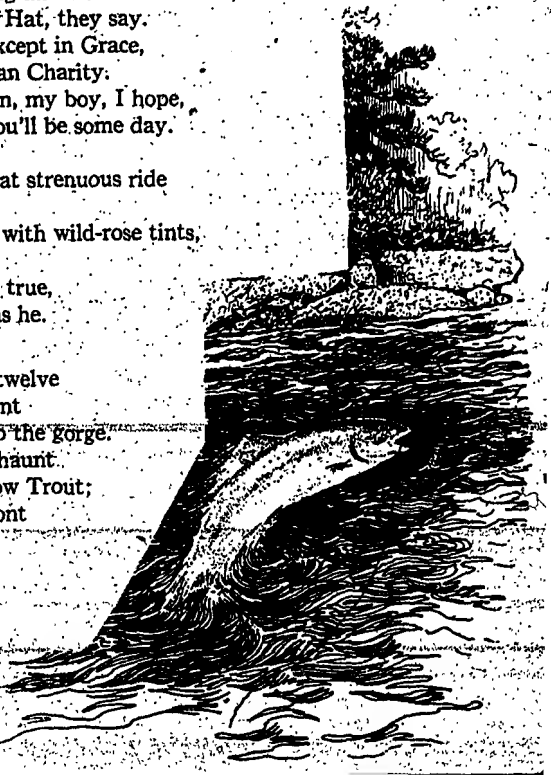
THE PRINCE

Which touched and blessed my youthful thought,
And deeper fixed my trust
In all that's pure and good and true;
And this it ever must
Till Grandad's earthly life is o'er,
This body, "dust to dust."

That Doctor, long and well-loved friend,
Lives in the Hat, they say.
He is not rich, except in Grace,
And Christian Charity.
Old, honored man, my boy, I hope,
Like him, you'll be some day.

The Prince came through that strenuous ride
Without an injury.
Kate's cheeks soon bloomed with wild-rose tints.
And frequently did we
Ride him together, kind and true,
Trust-worthy friend, was he.

Dominion Day of Nineteen-twelve
We three went for a jaunt
Toward Mount "Cavell," up the gorge.
We sought the favorite haunt
Of Cut-throat and of Rainbow Trout;
And farther than our wont



THE PRINCE

We wandered on that pleasant day,
Through rugged canons grand,
With raging torrent, cold and clear,
Begirt on either hand,
With frowning crags and snow-capped peaks—
Alberta's fairyland.

As I stood on a shelving rock
With eddying pools below,
Absorbed in luring Dolly Varden
Kate sought the flowers that grow
In sheltered crannies—glacial gems,
As pure as mountain snow.

She wandered farther than I thought.
Prince cropped the grasses near.
As I a lusty Bull-trout played,
There broke upon my ear
A piercing cry, with terror filled.
And there was cause for fear,

For a tremendous Grizzly King
My frightened sister chased,
With threatening growls and lumbering strides,
Till straight at Prince he raced
When my bold mount stood in his path.
The bear, on haunches raised,

THE PRINCE

Met that brave horse with tusk and claw.
Prince fought as he had learned
To fight his battles on the range—
Experience dearly earned—
Rearing and striking with his hoofs
And snapping as he turned.



From "The Disputed Trail," by Charles M. Russell

THE PRINCE

That veteran Grizzly struck his foe
With giant, armored paw,
Terrific blows that slashed and tore;
And with his vise-like jaw
He sought to seize the Prince's throat—
Mean, cunning, bold outlaw.

I had no gun, and much I feared
The outcome of that fight,
Till my horse wheeled and kicked amain.
It was a thrilling sight
To see those hoofs, with lightning speed
And death-defying might,

Batter that half-ton monster's bean
And smash his powerful fangs,
Stave in his slats and bruise his limbs;
Nor cease until the pangs
Of pained retreat to fallen tree
That o'er the cascade hangs

Made Bruin whine as coward cub.
The battle now was won,
Though Prince was all excitement till
His enemy, outdone,
Fell headlong with a mighty splash
Those whirlpool rocks among.

THE PRINCE

Kate, nestled in her brother's arms,
No longer feared nor cried;
She clasped the Prince's velvet nose,
With lisping prattle tried
To voice her love for friend so brave.
Her dimpled hands, with pride,

Stroked his strong neck and handsome face.
We led him to the creek,
His breast and shoulders crimson stained,
And many a swollen streak,
Deep-torn and sore. I bathed his wounds,
O'erjoyed, and scarce could speak

In answer to Kate's baby-talk,
About "Dat bad ole bear."
I knew America's fiercest beast,
My horse had beat for fair;
And had he known the Grizzly's ways,
Would not have turned a hair.

He learned that day a few new tricks,
And changed his style of fight
To worst an untried enemy;
His wisdom and his might

O'erpowered the brute, that moose or elk
Or buffalo, despite



THE PRINCE

Their wondrous prowess and their skill,
Defeats. Of all the bears,
"Ursus (Ferox) Horribilis,"
(Their name, Science declares)
The only kind the Indians feared,
Nor ever sought their lairs.



H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught created an Indian Chief at Banff, Alta.

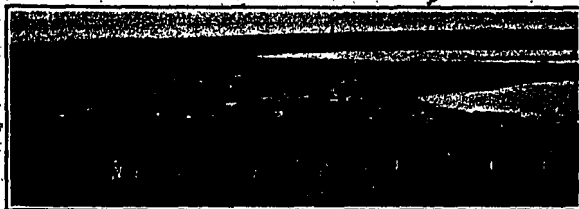
Blackfoot and Blood—chief, buck and squaw—
Sarcee, Stoney and Cree,
Mountain and foothill tribes, all knew
And shunned the dread Grizzly;
Before the long-range rifle's day
Terror of all, was he.

THE PRINCE

That rug you've seen at Grand-aunt Kate's,
Eight feet from tail to snout,
With coarse, rough hair of tawny hue,
Once clothed that prowling scout;
He left his ten-foot signature
— On many a tree, no doubt.

I never used the spur on Prince;
Perhaps the pointed wheel
Felt as the rip of that bear's claws
To him. The armoured heel
Was tried on him by several men.
None tamed him to the steel.

That fall our last great rodeo
Required every man.
This kid was not a tenderfoot,
Nor quite a "Ranahan;"
A "Phildew"—freckled, long and slim—
My range name, "Strawberry Dan."



THE PRINCE

They placed me on the trail-herd as
A "Dragman" in the dust;
Promoted me to "Swingman," then
You see that it was just
A final step to "Pointman." In
The roundup game you must

Direct the stock to water, grass
And bed-grounds-for-the night.
A herd may "mill," or, worse, stampede
In panic-stricken flight.
All hands and cook, if such occur,
Turn out at dead of night.

That roundup took us several weeks;
The ranges, far and wide
Were covered and the "slickear" calves
Were branded, turned aside;
But to the shipping-point, the beef
Moved on—a restless tide.



THE PRINCE

Until that drove was all corralled,
The cavy every day
Was ridden hard from dawn till dark,
A high-strung, wall-eyed bay
Was bad horse of the whole rough string,
Hip-branded and estray.


The wagon boss and manager,
"Ponoka" and "Camrose,"
Had named that horse the "Bob Cat", for,
Whenever roped, he chose
To fight with spit-fire temperament
The tufted lynx-cat shows.

So when the stock was in the pens,
A wild-horse race was run;
And after that we tried the Cat—
A final bit of fun.
We hoped he'd be a good cow-horse
Before the set of sun.




THE PRINCE

We cut him from the cavy and
'Twas after several tries
Pohoka roped him and we threw
A blind across his eyes.
He treated our best "snubbin' horse"
To many a surprise.



He looked as uninviting
As a bristling porcupine;
He reared above the snub-horse and
He pounced upon his spine;
The way he mauled that patient beast
Was certainly a crime.

He lunged and kicked and roared until
The wrangler bit his ear.
We cinched the saddle, and the boys
Preferred a volunteer—
The manager responding, as,
We raised a buckaroo cheer.



One hand upon the hackamore,
The other held his hat,
As Camrose shouted, "Pull the blind,
Now hump, you Thomas Cat."
The show was on; the lynx went mad
As Camrose deftly sat

THE PRINCE

The creaking leather as that horse
Just settled down to buck;
And all the gang assembled round.
I climbed upon the chuck-
Rig wheel as Bob Cat turned his tricks—
The toughest kind of luck

When that horse spilled the beans and kicked
The bacon from the pan,
Upset the coffee as the cook
With butcher-knife in hand
Declared he'd call the supper off—
Such sports he would not stand.



By Charles M. Russell, Montana Cowboy Artist.

THE PRINCE

Pots, kettles, pans, and camp-fire too
Were scattered far and wide.
The cinch of hair was damaged-some,
As was Cat's smoking hide;
But, till the weakened cincho broke,
Camrose was still astride.

So Bob Cat made his get-away,
Back to the foothills free;
He hit the trail, untamed, alone,
As far as we could see.
The cook and wrangler at the chuck
Deplored his liberty.

The War of Nineteen Fourteen—
What a memorable year—
A new cow-puncher came that spring;
The boys nick-named him "Queer,"—
A maverick with no references—
He'd bull-dog any steer.

THE PRINCE

Or tackle any outlaw horse.
He said his name was Hay,
Of Lethbridge, Moose Jaw, 'Peg, Macleod.
The twenty-fourth of May
We held a broncho-busting bee—
My twenty-first birthday.

We found big Bob Cat in that bunch,
Still worthy of his name;
Crafty and vicious as of yore—
Queer did not know his fame.
For piling skilful riders, and
I had not heard the game.

The boys had planned for Mr. Hay,
Till Cat was prisoned fast
And saddled tight in the squeeze gate.
Queer in his seat at last,
The blind removed when all was set;
Then from the box Cat passed.



Part of Round-up Outfit showing Cavy and Rough String.

THE PRINCE

With vaulting bound and roar of rage,
He landed on all fours,
His head between his knees as heels
Shot skyward. Then, with force
That ripped the sods he reared, swapped ends.
Queer fanned and whooped; of course.



THE PRINCE

He rode with knee-grip, weight and poise;
While Bob Cat tore his chapps
With glistening teeth, humped, zigzagged, spun,
Enraged by stinging raps
From loaded quirt, and strength of cinch.
Of outlaw-busting scraps,

'Twas most unique for punch and pep.
Cat soon was marked by gash
Of spur from tail-stump to his ears.
With bloodshot, lynx-eyed flash
He watched his man, and rushed the fight,
Till with a plunging dash

He headed for the Big Coulee,
As, o'er the cantle, Hay
Rolled from his seat and, pale with fear,
Upon the brink did lay.
We helped him up; he scarce could stand;
While that unconquered bay,

Entangled by the reata
In coulee-bed lay prone.
I saw the Champion of the World
Ride Arizona "Cyclone,"
Nor reins, spurs, rolls, nor quirt, had he—
Stock kack and chapps, alone.

THE PRINCE

The Nineteen-twelve Calgary Stampede,
Riders from Mexico,
Argentina, Texas, Western States—
The best the world could show;
From Standoff, came the only man
That Cyclone could not throw.



THE PRINCE

That horse had piled his hundredth man,—
Stampeders, every one;
Our red-chapped red man of the Bloods
Rode true as Cyclone spun
Upreared; that Indian's body poised
Before his ride was done;

With every wrenching twist and jolt,
And held as Cyclone shook
His coal-black body as a dog
That leaps from icy brook.
He sure tried every outlaw trick;
Much brawn and skill it took

To tame that Phoenix demon mount.
His owner wept to see
Her far-famed Cyclone quit the game:
A broken horse was he.
Such riding leaves a beast unharmed;
It is not cruelty.

The Champion's prize, One Thousand bones,
A saddle and The Belt.
Hay claimed to be as skilled and strong
A rider, but 'twas felt
By all our boys that big Bob Cat
Could dump him, helter-skelter.

THE PRINCE

Queer boasted too, that he could beat
That rider from Dragoon,
Who, at that Stampede, roped, threw, tied,
A range, steer to the tune
Of twenty-three and just four-fifths;
Of course, a ranch buffoon

May get away with camouflage,
Till his turn comes to show
That he can make good in a test.
Our braggadocio,
By not delivering the goods,
Had failed to make it go.

Well, Queer was mighty angry and
Soon blamed me for the trick.
He threatened that when I got mine
I'd feel both sore and sick.
Ponoka drolled, "Let's arbitrate,
Hay's loco, churned and licked;

And he might ride some wind-broke plug,
If not too old and weak
To pack a load of bluff and blow
With a great big yellow-streak.
So Hay now held a sullen grudge:
Ponoka thought he'd seek

THE PRINCE

Some sly revenge; poor sport was he.

Within a day or two

We three went on a branding trip,

Toward the wild Brazeau,

Beyond the North Saskatchewan—

A long trip; and all through

That day both peeved and glum was Queer,

Ponoka, much-amused,

Returning home that evening,

Hay sullenly refused

To show the least companionship.

At last, we were accused



"Wild Horse Hunters," by Russell.

THE PRINCE

Of cowardice and treachery.

Just then, from rocky hump,

We spied a great she timber-wolf,

Guarding by jack pine stump

Her den and ravenous family

Of range pests. From a clump

Of saskatoons we shot her dead.

Of course, 'twas best to cop

The whelps, and reap the bounties too.

Ponoka went to lop

A lodge-pole by the muskeg marge;

And, feeling tired, I dropped

Amid the deep, dry grass to rest.

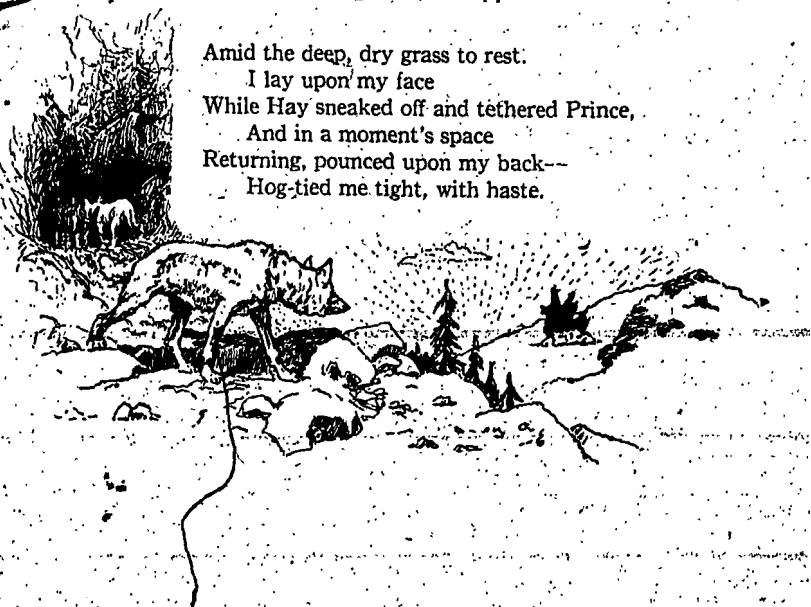
I lay upon my face

While Hay sneaked off and tethered Prince,

And in a moment's space

Returning, pounced upon my back--

Hog-tied me tight, with haste.



THE PRINCE

He then set fire to the grass,
Waist high, and willow trees,
And rode off, leaving Prince to burn.
The blaze, fanned by the breeze,
Sent forth great clouds of rolling smoke;
And this, Ponoka sees.

I saw him rush into the flames;
He cut the rope and raced
Straight after Queer upon the Prince,
And roped his man, amazed
While swiftly dragged by lariat
Secure around his waist.

He hauled me out of danger's reach.
I lay bound foot and hand;
Ponoka then threw off his spurs.
"Your bluff is called; we've canned
Your bunc; the show-down has arrived;
You know that I could land

A wing-shot while you'd train your Colt,
Right from my holster hip.
We'll stack our arms and yank the spurs,
And I don't give a rip;
You beat me forty pounds in weight,
But you may take this tip—

THE PRINCE

I'll help you to be civilized,
You varmint." "Just a joke,"
Laughed Hay, "I roped the boss for fun,
And speaking of that smoke,
I guess I dropped a cigarette.
Don't fool with me, you bloke."

"Fighting's tabooed upon this range,
But duty must be done;
I like peace best, but will not have
Vile cruelties called fun.
Our witness cannot interfere;
It's either fight or run."

"I've fought," sneered Hay, "with gentlemen
Who had both sense and size;
You'll never mix things up with me
If you are one-half wise;
Of course, for pesky featherweight,
You sure deserve a prize."



THE PRINCE

Queer dropped his gun, but not his spurs;
Ponoka forced the scrap,
As sly and agile as kit-fox
And quick as badger trap.
He ducked and dodged; I cheered him on—
"You've got the goods, old chap."

'Twas blow for blow, 'twas Right 'gainst Wrong,
A fight of sweat and gore.
Hay lashed and kicked, and with his spur
Ponoka's chapps he tore;
But lost his balance, for his wheel
The shaggs the latter wore

Held fast, and as they fell I saw
Ponoka got his hold.
Hay tried the gouge and plied his teeth,
As through the smudge they rolled.
But soon his shoulder-joint snapped out,
And he was forthwith told

That he must make apology;
So when his raged reply
Was altered to Ponoka's taste,
His wing received the pry.
Ponoka stood a breathing space
And looked Queer in the eye.



THE PRINCE

"Stand up, you vagrant swine, clever
With tooth and claw and spur;
If you're not satisfied right now
I very much prefer
To take you on for one more round,
And if that should occur,

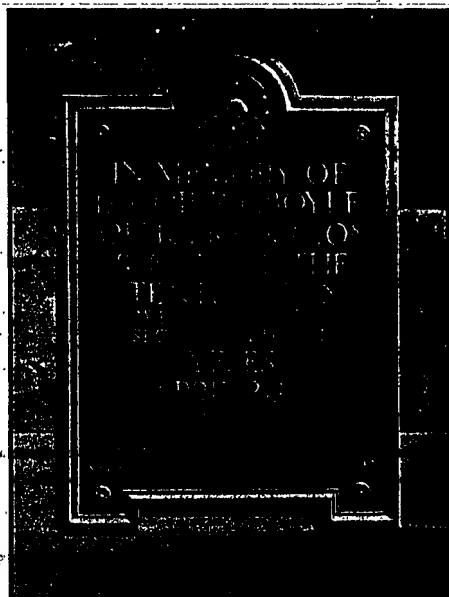
Well; how would you get home? So beat
It now; and I dare say
You'll make the trip about sunup
When this is yesterday.
I don't suppose you'll ride the Buck;
He's far upon the way."

Ponoka was the man who tamed
Old Bob Cat, that bad horse;
He gained the outlaw's confidence;
Kindness, he used, not force;
He joined the "Fighting Tenth" and fought
Throughout the tragic course

Of his battalion's glorious fight
To hold that salient,
When poison gas, first used, had cleared
The French front entrenchment
For full four thousand yards or more.
Yes, through it all he went—

THE PRINCE

The second battle of Ypres, my boy,
'Twas there he fell; alas,
Ponoka sleeps beside that wood;
The fragrant flowers and grass,
Bedeck that field St. Julien days,
And happy children pass



Tablet on City Hall, Calgary.

THE PRINCE

Among those mounds where heroes rest.

The cause of Liberty
Was cherished by our valiant men,
And fair Democracy
Has lived, despite the tyrant's threat.
Thus may it ever be.

Well, father questioned us next morn
And Hay was told to go,
His wage prepaid for full five weeks.
'Twas most a month or so
Before he hiked; when he vamoosed,
I've heard they did not know.

I doctored well the Prince's burns.
His wavy tail and mane
Were scorched; his coat was closely singed;
And out upon the plain
I turned him loose; nor did I know
When I'd see him again.

For my dad's manhood gift, you see,
Was coin and time to go
Upon a trip abroad, and I,
Within a week or so,
Sailed on the Lusitania;
And when Serajevo



THE PRINCE

Sprang into world-wide prominence.
I was in Liverpool.
I bore a letter from my dad
For boyhood chum at school—
A veteran of Paardeburch—
A man of courage cool,

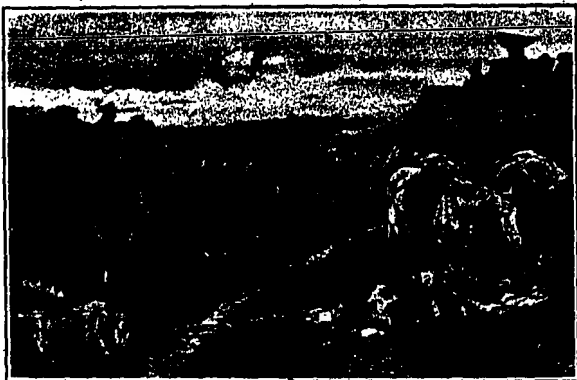
Honored in times of war or peace.
Such men our Empire needs,
To well maintain its dignity,
With stirring words and deeds.
I met him first in London, and
He called on me in Leeds

One day when I was feeling sad;
'Twas early in July.
A letter just received from home—
Conveyed the news that my
Pal, Prince, had not been seen for weeks.
I knew the reason why,

When I read further that friend Hay
Had also disappeared.
Royal Northwestern Mounties were
Right on the job, but feared
Their chance to nab that rustler bold,
Was very badly "Queered."

THE PRINCE

From Crow's Nest and the Kicking Horse
To west One Hundred Two,
Boundary to Pole, this land was held
By red-coat riders, true;
But to the loss of my prized horse,
They never found a clue.



R. N. W. Mounted Police Arresting Whisky Traders.

The Major told me much about
My father's boyhood days,
Those wars in British Africa,
And Austro-German craze,
Which threatened soon to crush the Serb,
And set Europe ablaze.

THE PRINCE

His prescient words voiced danger to
Our Empire, near and far.
A strong desire seized me then,
In case of British war,
To serve the cause of Justice as
A mounted messenger.

I told the Major of my thought;
He firmly grasped my hand,
A wistful smile on his strong face.
"Your father had the sand,"
Said he, "to do or die for Right;
And you, his son, would stand

I hope, such tests as proved his worth."
Events then followed fast;
Ere long I was in uniform
And, in due course, had passed
Exams and special training drills,
And was prepared, at last,

For active service at the front:
Before we left for France,
I heard, with much anxiety,
That German hosts, perchance,
Because of their preparedness,
Might press their dread advance

THE PRINCE

Right through to the French capital.
On transport, I was told
Their thrust had failed, and that a great
Flank movement they then rolled
Toward the Belgian coast. The Straits
Of Dover they might hold

If Calais could be occupied.
In camp, good luck befell;
I found my Prince, well pleased, although
He was not looking well,—
Imprisoned in a yard and starved.
They told me he was "hell"—

Half killed a man, some days before,
But would be broke next day.
"Here comes the man can tame the brute."
Approaching was friend Hay,
In khaki clad, with belt and spurs.
I turned and walked away,



THE PRINCE

But heard his orders, "Feed nor drink
Don't give that horse, and I
Will rope and ride or kill him off;
The devil sure will try
To pull his rough-house stunts again;
This time he'll quit or die."

I thought, at first, I'd lay complaint,
Or try to feed my horse,
And have him watered too, that night;
Then thought the better course
Was just to be on hand next day
And if Queer could not force

The Prince to take his cruel wrongs,
I then would interfere,
And risk the consequences; though
I certainly did fear
That if my horse had half his strength
He'd make things hot for Queer,

And probably be shot right from
The saddle, in cold blood.
At night it rained; that yard next day
Was deep with slippery mud.
Prince had a bath and drink, of course,
But not an ounce of food.

THE PRINCE

When Hay arrived, I saw that he
Wore spurs but had no gun.
He had no trouble saddling Prince,
And said that "just for fun"
He'd break the horse outside the yard.
Prince did not bolt nor run,

But walked out through the gate and stood.
Queer mounted without aid,
And forthwith raked that remount's flanks
With cruel spurs which made
My horse to crouch with agony.
Prince then his skill displayed.

With outlaw roar and flashing eye,
Ears laid and teeth aglaze,
He plunged and reared, sunfished, cork-screwed,—
Oft landing with a scream
Upon all fours, back arched, head down,
As firm as iron beam.

And mighty soon 'twas plainly seen
That Queer was badly scared;
Prince got his goat, his nerve had failed;
Those Derby horsemen stared,
I noticed Hay pull leather and
I peeled my coat and dared

THE PRINCE

Those quaking grooms who said, "My wud!
Let's rowp yon bally awse."

"Hands off," I yelled, "that coward thief
Must go the entire course."

Prince threw his head; Queer forward swayed;
His forehead smashed, full force,

Against that horse's solid skull,

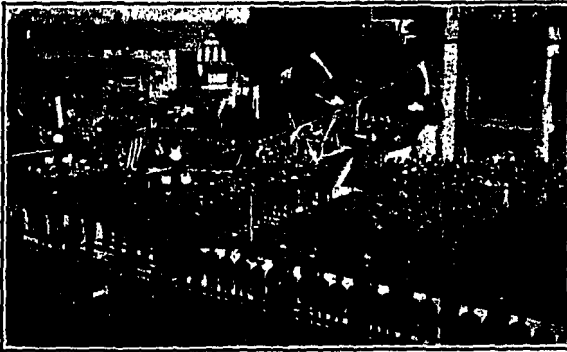
Right square between the ears.

He limply fell beneath those hoofs.

I calmed the Prince's fears

By kindly words; he knew my voice.

The death that day, was Queer's.



Civic farewell to R.N.W.M.P. leaving Calgary for the Great War.

THE PRINCE

I pulled the saddle from my horse,
And sent for Major C.
My story roused suspicions grave.
A search revealed the key
To the dead man's identity;
A clever spy, was he.

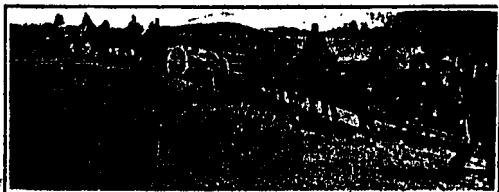
A full investigation soon
Exposed a well-laid plot;
Egregious, cruel and unfair,
It was; and then 'twas thought,
A strong offensive would be aimed
Against that special spot

Held by our men. . . One afternoon
We hailed the bugle-call;
Our tents were struck with eager haste.
I rode the Prince, and all
Was tense excitement on that long
Forced march, till, at nightfall

We camped in peaceful farm-stead, though
We heard the rumbling roar
Of distant guns, and at midnight
Our troop went forth once more.
With eager gallop, we were off
And 'twas not long before

THE PRINCE

We passed a battery of French field
Artillery, and then turned
Off the main road, toward the east.
Afar, great fires burned,
The horizon was scarlet-hued.
At freshet ford, we learned



How tired were our faithful mounts.
The Prince was first to land.
My orders were to ride ahead;
I reached the heights and scanned
Through twilight mists, the vale below,
That stretched on either hand,

With brushy stream, and rolling heights
Beyond. I waited for
My officer; at his command,
Rodé down the hill, and o'er
A bridge, and up the slope to gain
The ridge that lay before.

THE PRINCE

I reached a well-treed eminence.
Ahead lay rolling plains;
Farms, highways, copses, orchards, brooks;
And there in fields and lanes,
Screened by the trees, a mounted force
Was seen. With eager pains

I signalled to our troop and they
Advanced at utmost speed.
"Shun! Freedom bids us now to hold
This ground." We thrilled to heed
The firm voice of Lieutenant B.
"Justice and Truth both need

Our best to check their tyrant foe.
Belgium and France have bled;
'Tis ours to live victorious
Or join their honored dead.
Our scout will bear these messages,
And give his horse full head."

A comrade pointed to the stream;
"The enemy, sir," said he,
"Have cut us off; they hold that road."
I mounted Prince, and we,
Fast gathering speed with every bound,
Straight at that company

THE PRINCE

Of Uhlans waiting on the bridge,
Rode reckless, till we plunged
Into their midst. Prince felt their steel;
He kicked and bit and lunged;
His battlecry and threatening mien
All bravery expunged

From those domestic, timid nags
That snorted, shied and reared;
The Prince's heels smote rib and limb,
Or jaw or skull. I feared
He'd fall o'er a disabled horse
And rider, but we cleared

Each obstacle, and bounded through
An opening in the ranks.
We were away! Shots whistled round.
As up those bushy banks
We raced for Freedom and for aid,
I muttered heart-felt thanks,

Though Prince and I both felt the pain
Of wounds from saber thrust;
A bullet lodged in my left arm;
Prince's worst gash was just
Above the brand, on his right hip.
He seems to sense the trust



THE PRINCE

Britannia laid on us that day;
He keenly eyed the road,
His ear alert, oft backward turned;
His open nostrils glowed;
His hoofs the stony pathway spurned
With speed that never slowed,

Until we met that battery.
Of Seventy-fives, nor stayed;
Just dropped our message, then away:
Prince tossed his head and neighed,
When, ten miles farther on that road,
We met the cavalcade;

And Captain G. took my salute,
Then quick my message read;
Despatches sent to troops behind,
And to the front we sped;
'Twas twenty miles; Prince showed some speed,
As we that squadron led.

Ahead, we heard those French guns speak,
And saw the fluffy smoke
Above the distant heights, and heard
Replying shells that broke
Upon the woods Lieutenant B.
Still held. We seldom spoke

THE PRINCE

As on we sped to ford the stream,
Then up the heights and past
A battery that was dealing death;
Through the next valley, fast
We rode to gain that famous hill.
That ride, it was the last



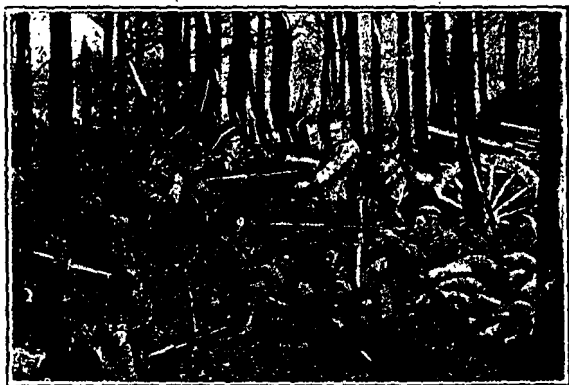
For many in our gallant band,
For rifle-fire and shell
With deadly range found horse and man
As through that battle's hell
We rode, with Hun-defiance cheer.
The next—'tis hard to tell.

I was dismounting, as a shell
Burst not far from my horse;
His body shielded me from death,
But Prince received that force
Of shrapnel, and he fell as I
Clung to his neck, perforce.

THE PRINCE

One arm and foot were badly torn;
I scarcely felt the pain;
Prince writhed in dreadful agony;
My blood ran down his mane.
He tried to rise, but well I knew
He'd never stand again.

I held his head upon my lap
Mid stifling battle-reek;
His life-blood trickled through the grass;
He soon was deathly weak.
I drew the bridle from his head,
And thought he heard me speak



Page Sixty The Canadian "Fighting Tenth" and Scottish retaking
the guns at St. Julien.

THE PRINCE

His name, as, with contented sigh,
My Prince gave up his life.
The battle raged till darkness came,
But in that awful strife
I took no part but swooning lay,
Nor felt the surgeon's knife

When my torn wounds were cleaned and dressed,
We rode the old Grange trail;
'Twas sunset. O, the glad surprise—
Home loves, that never fail—
A mother's kiss, a sister's joy,
A father's pride to hail

His soldier son! Such were my dreams.
Next day, beside my cot
Stood fair and queenly Red Cross nurse,
As my slow, hazy thought
With labor shaped itself anew,
And to my memory brought

That battle on the woody hill.
She penned for me a note
Home to my mother, sister, dad;
And told me that my foot
And arm I would not lose. Her joy
And sadness as she wrote

THE PRINCE

My tale of Prince's death, her tears
Which marked that written sheet,
Her winsome smile, her beauty rare,
Woke, in its deep retreat,
The impulse of a first-sight love;
My joy was full, complete.

On the next cot, Lieutenant B.
Lay wounded, weak and pale.
She listened as he told me why
The German drive would fail
To reach Calais. "Your horse," said he,
"Will figure in the tale



THE PRINCE

Of von Kluck's failure. Then he told
Of holding 'gainst the Hun,
Till reinforced, that shell-torn hill;
Outnumbered ten to one;
Of beating back the enemy
With bayonet and gun.

He said my horse lay buried in
That deep shell-hole and he
Had planted on his grave, a young,
Uprooted, chestnut tree;
Had hung his bridle from a branch
In Prince's memory.

When I could ride, my nurse and I
Sought out his silent grave.
We grieved to find so many of
The noble and the brave,
I took his bridle from the tree,
And sore my heart did crave

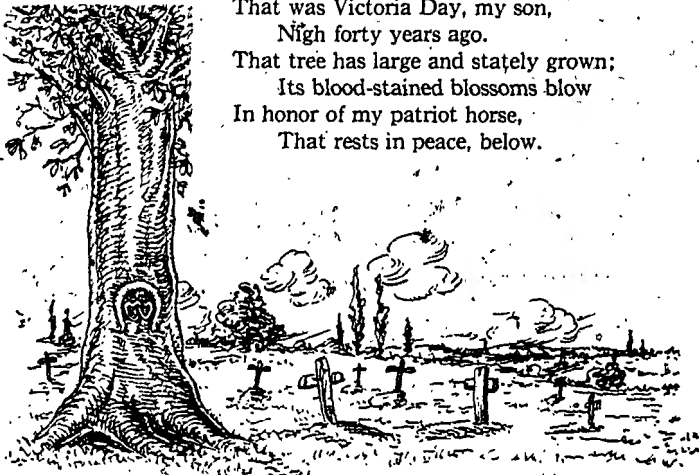
That I might stroke his neck again,
And feel the gentle touch
Of his warm nose against my cheek.
His horse-sense life was such
As served as an example, which
Has blessed me very much.

THE PRINCE

He never knew a mother's care;
A trustful colt, alone,
He braved the blizzards and the dark,
Unguarded by his own.
Fidelity, courage, strength and will,
Were of his blood and bone.

And when we found his grave again,
Some comrade, on that tree
Had carved a horse-shoe round two hearts,
Entwined. Undoubtedly,
You'll understand how Grandma brought
Great joy, that day, to me.

That was Victoria Day, my son,
Nigh forty years ago.
That tree has large and stately grown;
Its blood-stained blossoms blow
In honor of my patriot horse,
That rests in peace, below.



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RANGELAND VOCABULARY

The ranching business on this continent began in Mexico, and the terms and expressions peculiar to the ranges have, in many cases, a Spanish origin. Cowpunchers prefer terse expressions and short words; they are men of quick speech and decisive action.

"Buckaroo"—Spanish, *vaquero*—A cowboy.

"Bull-dogging"—Leaping from a running horse's back to that of a steer or other horned animal, and throwing it on its back by twisting its neck by weight upon the horns.

"Cavy"—Spanish, *caballada*—A number of saddle-horses driven along with a round-up outfit for use as remounts. Each cowboy would need quite a number of horses, depending on the roughness of the country covered.

"Chaps"—Spanish, *chaperajos* (pronounced "shape")—The loose leather leggings (with or without hair or wool) extending from ankles to hips, worn by cowboys as a protection from cold, wet, thorny bushes, bad horses' teeth, etc.

"Chuck-wagon"—The commissariat that accompanies a round-up. A big outfit may use several chuck-wagons. At the chuck every man helps himself.

"Corral"—An enclosure of logs, poles, planks or rocks for penning horses or cattle for branding or other purposes.

"Drag-men"—Riders who bring up the rear and keep the herd from straggling.

"Hackamore"—Spanish, *jaquima*—A halter used in breaking "bad horses" before using the bit, to avoid permanent injury to their mouths.

"Kack"—A saddle.

"Lasso"—Lariat, reata—A rope of hair, fibre or rawhide carried at the saddle-horn. This rope has a running noose and the loop is thrown over the horns or head of the animal to be roped.

"Loco"—Meaning crazy. Certain vegetation on the ranges, known as "loco weeds," when eaten causes animals to become dangerous, probably mad.

"Paint-riders"—Two men who ride in the lead of a moving herd to select the route and locate water, grass and bed-grounds.

"Quirt"—A short whip of rawhide or hair, carried by a loop on the saddle-horn or wrist.

"Ranahan"—A Grade A cowboy or broncho-buster. Grade B cowpunchers are often called "Phildews" and Grade C "Early Bowdens."

"Rodeo" (pronounced ro-day-o)—A gathering of cattle or horses from the open ranges, usually called a round-up.

"Rough String"—Horses unbroken to the saddle, taken along with a round-up outfit for the purpose of being "gentled" by the broncho-busters, who "top off" the "bad horses" and train them for range work.

"Slick-ear"—An animal neither branded nor ear-marked. A maverick.

"Sombbrero"—A broad-brimmed, cowboy hat.

"Stampede"—Spanish, *catampede*—Meaning panic. A stampede at night is often hard to control; all hands (including the cook) being called out if necessary.

"Swing-men"—Riders who control the sides of a moving herd and keep the cattle from straying.

"Trail herd"—A drove of stock travelling overland for shipment, or being moved to better pasturage in a distant section of country.

"Wagon-boss"—Range boss for the owner of an outfit.

"Wrangler"—Spanish, *caballoranga*—The horse-herder who handles the "cavy," including the "rough string." On a large round-up many horses may be injured and some fatally. A good wrangler is next thing to a veterinary—not necessarily a skilful rider of bad horses.

"His ten-foot signature"—This refers to the habit of male bears in marking trunks of trees with claws and tusks as a warning to other bears to keep away from their stamping ground. A bear, coming into a new section of country and finding such markings, is warned of previous possession. He is said to estimate the size and strength of his adversary by tearing on his haunches and making certain comparisons. "Bear signatures" are found on many trees in the foot-hills and mountains.

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